

3973

Roguish

MILLER;



O R,
Nothing got
by Cheating.

A T R U E B A L L A D.

A Miller there was, and he liv'd at his Mill,
Which was built on a stream at the foot of a hill.
He cheated all day and he drank all the night,
For cheating and drinking was all his delight;
While his moments in tippling unheeded did roll,
This still was his saying—be sure to take toll.

Whoever sent corn to be ground at his Mill,
He spoilt it, he chang'd it, he pilfer'd it still;
In villainy thus a long course he did run,
For he fancy'd that cheating was very good fun.
He car'd not what came of his body or soul,
While this was his saying—I'll always take toll.

If you sent a full Sack of good corn to his Mill,
A Sack of bad flour he sent you back still,
For he fancy'd that when he the wheat had once
ground,
The difference wou'd not be easily found:
Now to change good for bad was as if he had stole,
And he not only chang'd it—but always took toll.

The Neighbours oft sent him their Money to pay,
But he always refus'd it and sent it away;
Had he taken the Money he'd have got but his due,
But the payment that's lawful for him wou'd not do;
What was honestly his he despis'd on the whole,
Because he got more from—the taking of toll.

One day when a Farmer had sent a good sack
Of his Corn to be ground, and then sent for it back;
He call'd to his Man and demanded straitway,
If for this he had taken the toll on that day.
The Man strait declar'd, that tho' nought he had
stole,
Yet that he had taken—the full of the toll.

He then call'd his maid, and he ask'd her good lack,
If toll she had taken from that very sack;
She declar'd that she had, but he fond of pelf,
Said, for fear that you shou'd not, I'll take it myself;
So rashly he ventur'd the loss of his Soul,
And mended his practice—by thrice taking toll.

At length he grew bolder and bolder in sin,
And cheating he deeper and deeper got in;
Of Satan, alas! he was quite at the beck,
Where he first took a pound he at length took a
peck,
No church he frequented to pray for his Soul,
Who wou'd might go thither—so he could take toll.

The Farmer, the Squire, the Parson likewise
Agreed to observe him with still keener Eyes;
But the Justice he cheated to such a degree,
That no longer with patience his frauds cou'd he see;
So he sent him to jail by the Law's just controul,
And a MITTIMUS paid him—for taking of toll.

Come all honest Millers whoever you be,
And listen to counsel that's given by me;
Be content, like fair tradesmen with moderate gains,
And look for a lawful reward of your pains;
If 'tis paid you in money be pleas'd on the whole,
And if you take any—take moderate toll.

O! seek not each way to defraud that you can,
Nor cheat in the flour, nor cheat in the bran;
Be honest and all Men will flock to your Mill,
And tho' others want custom, yours ne'er will
stand still.

And when to your MAKER you give up your soul,
You'll rejoice that you always—took moderate toll.

Z.

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